

FIFTH EDITION.

OF WHO WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Sung by

MR H. PHILLIPS

AND

MIS S STEPHENS.

AT

THE CONCERTS, FESTIVALS &c.

The Poetry by

T. H. BAYLY ESQ.<sup>r</sup>

THE SYMPHONIES

and accompaniments by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Prof<sup>r</sup> of Harmony & Composition at the Royal Academy of Music.

Edinburgh, Ball

Died 72

L O N D O N.

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[ca. 1815]

Stockholm  
Museum





# *Oh! we never mention Her.*

AS SING BY

MISS STEPHENS,

ALSO BY

MISS LOVE.

*Transposed from the Key of C for the convenience*  
of  
**SOPRANO OR TENOR VOICES.**

VOICE

LARGHETTO  
ESPRESSIVO

**N.B.** This Ballad may be had in the Original Key of E with four Sharps.

\* him His

Oh! no, we never mention her, Her name is never heard; M,

lips are now forbid to speak, that once familiar word: From sport to sport they

hurry me, To banish my regret; And when they win a smile from me, They

*ad lib:*

think that I fur: get!

*mf e sempre leni* *sfz* *p* *Slent?*

Oh! no — we never

\* as sung by Miss Stephens

2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see; But

were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me: 'Tis true that I be-

I hold no more, The valley where we met, I do not see the hawthorn tree, But

## ad lib:

how can I forget?

Fin. — We Dever.

3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

For oh! there are so many things Re: call the past to me, The

breeze upon the sunny hills The billows of the sea The rosy tint that

decks the sky, Be:fore the sun is set, Aye ev'ry leaf I look upon For

= bids me to for: get!

Oh! no — we never.

4<sup>th</sup> VERSE. he

5

They tell me she is happy now, The gay: est of the gay; They

he hint that she for: gets me, But heed not what they say; Like me perhaps she

he He struggles, With each feeling of re: gret, But if she loves, as I have lov'd, She

ad lib: never can..... for: get!

mf e sempre ten: *Stento*

Oh, no — we never,

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